We are far from implying that brains and zeal were not expended, as well as private and public munificence, upon the explorations which M. Charnay was invited to direct. But these inquiries were promoted and prosecuted for the public benefit, and, therefore, there was also ample room and an urgent call for the display of intellect in the presentation of their outcome. A theory of the historical significance of the ruins which he visited M. Charnay doubtless has, and it is not impossible for ell-informed and resolute reader to discern it, though it is rather let drop or interjec than adequately developed and elucidated. It is just because we think that the theory thus indicated in fragmentary outline is approximation to the truth, and there are materials enough scattered pell-mell through the book to strongly commend it, had they been brought to bear effectively, that we regret the serious shortcomings of this volume. If we here try to se forth perspicuously and concisely the funds mental elements of the author's hypothesis and to show its essential] reconciliability with the belief now entertained by most skilled orate architectural remains of the valley of Mexico and Central America are logically and historically deducible, as is the offshoot from the parent, from the pueblos of New Mexico and Arizona-we do this for no other purpose but to repress the first impulse of intelligen inquirers to discard the book on the score of its rambling arrangement and flippant tenor, and to persuade them to uncover beneath the mass of trivialities the kernels of useful discovery and luminous suggestion.

puffing of a publisher's wares, or the obliging

exhibition of personal good will.

What is, then, the capital affirmation which Charnay believes himself justified in making after a minute exploration of almost the whole field of interest from Tula in Anahuse to Palenque in Chiapas: Uxmal, Izamal, and Chichen-Itza in Yucatan; Tayasal near the border of Yucatan and Guatemala, and to Copan on the frontier of Honduras. The last named point and Tula are the two extremes of the long itinerary, and the distance between them, covering more than ten degrees of longitude, was traversed not by the same route, but by distinct roads, skirting respectively the Atlantic and the Pacific coasts, and correspondsuccessive waves of Toltee immigration. M. Charnay, as it will already be divined, re jects the once current theory that an indedate evolved in Yucatan, Chiapas, and and character, distinct from the Nahua civilizations (called Tolteo from their culminating or predominant type) which developed themselves on the Mexican plateau, where they were encountered in their decadence by Cor-tez. It is contended by the author, and the evidence is loosely scattered through the vol-ume, that, between the architectural remains in the valley of Mexico and the most consummate proofs of the so-called Mays advancement in the architectonic and plastic arts at Palenque, Uxmal, Chichen-Itza, and Copan, decisive difference, but only such indications of spontaneous and logical progress and improvement as, with the lapse of time and advent of encouraging conditions, would naturally be looked for. In a word, all that survives and commands admiring curlosity in Spanish North America is Toltec. Not only was there no extra-Toltec source of ilization was anywhere, in any proper meaning of the term, ancient. It is M. Charnay's conviction based upon all the tests which he is able to apply to the age of their monuments, that we must not place the first appearance of the Tolteca, even in the valley of Mexico, any further back than the eighth century of the Christian era. Neither does he think he would be justified in assuming that they were, at the time of their advent, a race that had attained as high a grade of civiliza-tion as they subsequently exhibited, but he rather would regard them as a race capable the self-civilizing process, and possessed al-ready of the germs of the arts. So much for the starting point of Toltec history; now as to the later periods of its evolution. M. Charnsy has been able to find no reason for be lieving that the southward currents of sion, pestilence, or famine, the common expellants of primitive people from their ear-lier seats—reached Chiapas, Guatemals, and Yucatan before the thirteenth century, or the twelfth at the earliest. Indeed, none of the data collected by the author is supported by more evidence than the presumption that some of the so-called cities, or temple fortresses, of Yucatan had been built but a short time be-fore the arrival of the Spaniards, and that some of the most perfect structures now surviving were erected after the appearance of the Eu ropeans on the coast. It even seems indis putable that Tayasal, which we used to call a Maya, but which M. Charnay would have us call a Toitee city—and which, by the way, was not taken by the Spaniards until just before the beginning of the eighteenth century—was the product of an exodus from Chichen-Itse. which had only taken place a few years before the occupation of the mother city by the Castilian conquerors. We see nothing, in fine, at Palenque, at Copan, and Uxmal that in point of time deserves the epithet of ancient, or that at best is older than the products of the European Renaissance. The trees themselves

that grow within them or upon them, bear ir-refutable witness against the venerable age

once imputed to the monuments of Central America, for it is not the least striking of the

tions of the Isthmus vegetation, a tree gains one concentric circle, not with every year, but every month. Probed by this mode of measur-ing the lapse of time, the testimony of the trees is fatal to the claim of extreme antiquity, which used to be advanced for the majestic

ruins of Chiapas and Yucatan.
The hypothesis which we have here aim succinctly outline—the averment that all the extant memorials in Mexico and Central America of what, under reserve, may for convanience be termed civilization, represent the continu-ous, the homogeneous, and the relatively modern evolution of one and the same race-is discoverable at the root of M. Charnay's conclusions. It is a root which has a multitude of outgrowths and ramifications in the form of de-ductions, parallels, analogies, and more or less thing and a true thing in itself, but it lies piecemeal and overlaid amid the immaterial and inane minutim of an overdistended and vagrant narrative—like one of the mutilated though still impressive sculptures whose missing frag-ments are vainly searched for amid the débris of Palenque. What the work actually done by M. Charnay called for, and what the unstinted liberality of those who made his explorations possible deserved—if he contemplated presenting the fruit of his investigations to an English-speaking audience—was not merely the service of an expert in translation, but the collaboration of a competent scholar who was who would have freed the book from the excrescences, inconsistencies, and blunders that

now disfigure it. We repeat that, in respect of paper, typography, and the engraver's art, the volume before us is an admirable specimen of American bookmaking. The text should have been made worthy of the sumptuous embellishment. The materials were there; but the cunning hand was lacking.

Prince Alexander of Bulgaria

A trustworthy account of what occurred in Bulgaria during the eventful period between 1879 and 1886 would be certainly of much util-ity to those who appreciate the intimate rela-tions of that principality to the European sit-uation, whose point of tension since, as well as for some years before, the Berlin Congress must be recognized in the Balkan peninsula. In Prince Alexander of Battenberg, by A. Koch (London, Whittaker & Co.) we have a contribution to recent history which, acc the title page, purports to be derived from au-thentic sources, and which, in part, embodies the recollections of a man who was for the period in question court chaplain to the Prince. We are inclined to think, after a scru tiny of the internal evidence, that the book may be relied upon, when the author records the testimony of his eyes and ears, but his prejudice against the Bussians is so pronounced that his deductions and his second-hand reports can only be accepted with extreme circumspection. With this caution we proceed to give some idea of the contents of say about some interesting incidents of which he was an eyewitness. These incidents are the revolutionary incorporation of Eastern Boumelia with Bulgaria which took place in September, 1885, the Servo-Bulgarian was which presently followed, and the abduction return, and abdication of Prince Alexander in the succeeding year. According to this witness Prince Alexander was not responsible for the rebellion in East

Roumelia. He was, indeed, warned of its approach, but "tried to convince the delegates of the insurrectionary committee that the time was ill chosen." They went away persuaded that he was right, but before they could reach home the rising had been successful, and the Prince, then in Varna, had to deal with accomplished facts. He telegraphed for counsel, it seems, to this Prime Minister, Karaveloff, whose advice was that the Prince sho unconditionally identify himself with the popular movement. Accordingly, on Sept. 22, 1885, four days after the outbreak in Philippopolis, Prince Alexander, who by this time had arrived at Tirnovo, published a proc-lamation recognizing the union, and taking over the Government of East Roumelia, At the same timelhe gave orders for the mobilizapected attempt of Turkey to assert its author ity over the revolted province, the attitude of Servia was already menacing Uniuckily, the next day, Sept. 28, "came an order from the Czar that all Russian officers must retire from the Bulgarian army-an order which was expected to cripple the resources of the new principality, put an end to the nascent revolution, and compel the abdication of the Prince. But the posts left with young Bulgarians, whose capabilities, as the event proved, had been accurately gauged, while others of corresponding aptitudes were transferred to the East Roumelian forces, which, by this means, could be raised to thirtyfact that within fifty days after the situation became critical Prince Alexander had at his disposal an army of 90,000 men, the majority of whom were well clothed and armed, although neither officers nor soldiers could obtain any salary. In the estimation of Europe these resources were needed, for on Nov. 14 came Servia's declaration of war, and it was universally believed that King Milan was decidedly an overmatch for his antagonist. But the impartial position assumed by Turkey enabled Prince Alexander to draw his entire army by forced marches to the Servian frontier and to make Slivinitza his fortified headquar-ters. The author of this book does not follow the brilliant course of Bulgarian victory from Slivinitza to Pirot, but he affirms, what seems to be generally admitted, that "during the whole war Prince Alexander was always at the point of greatest danger. He shared, more-over, hunger and cold with the men, and slept like them upon the ground. He gave himself the greatest possible trouble to organize a commissariat which until then had not existed, so that his soldiers, in spite of excessive fighting, received adequate food every day, and, in contrast to the Servian army, always had spare ammunition." Chaplain Koch sdds that when a cessation of hos-tilities was requested, "the already routed Servians had only five cartridges per man, and no chance of obtaining fresh ammunition nearer than Nisch, so that they were on the brink of a fearful catastrophe, while the Prince, on the same day, had still 8,000,000 reserved cartridges in hand." It is indispensable to keep in view these facts (which we have never seen disputed) in order to understand the pride and affection with which the army and people of Bulgaria still, cherish the name of their Battenberg ruler.

Chaplain Koch is inclined to accept the statement, attributed on good authority to Nelidoff the Russian Ambassador, that the deposition of Prince Alexander had been very cheap, having cost only \$60,000. Most of this money wen to two officers employed in the War Depart-ment, Dimitrieff and Bendersff, and to the com-mandant of the Cadet School. Three of the Cabinet, however, Karaveloff, Zankoff, and the War Minister, were cognisant of the plot for the abduction: it was on this account that after the Prince's return Stambuloff denounced Kara-veloff, in full Ministerial council, in these weloff, in full Ministerial council, in these words: "You are a loathsome wretch, a cur not worth a thought. I am ashamed that I ever believed in you." Whereupon we are told that Karaveloff, crouching on his seat, was wholly unable to defend himself. The abduction was to take pisce on the night of Aug. 20, 1886, and it was only during the previous day that one anonymous warning reached the Prince in the words following: "Beware of the Struma Regiment; it will surprofes you to night in bed and nut you it will surprise you to-night in bed and put you to death." The Prince put little faith in this letter; novertheless it was the Struma Begi-ment which, in concert with the cadets of the night, surround the palace, disarm the guard, and take their ruler prisoner. The chaplain. who resided at a distance from the palace, but who had been aroused by an elarm, hastened to the scene of the rising, and "new the Prince

drive by in a carriage with Capt Eartschieff, while before and behind him were carriages full of armed soldiers. In his countenance there were both indignation and sadness." The chapiain did his best to overtake the Prince and hurried toward the Danube, but falled to come up with him, and did not again see him until, after his release by his kidnappers, he arrived at Limburg on his return to Sofia. Even then the Prince hesitated to form a definite resolution. "The insult that to form a definite resolution. "The insult that had been put upon him, the perfidy of so many officers—he asserted that he had seen at least ninety who either looked on and passively assented to or took an active part in his abduc-tion—had wounded him too deeply." "The chaplain heard, too, from his own lips the ad-mission that the cadets had, in his own palace, forced him at the mouth of a revolver to sign with his own hand the abdication which a by-

stander had written out.
On a later page, indeed, we are informed by Chaplain Koch that, before he left Limburg. Prince Alexander had formed a determination to voluntarily abdicate, a purpose only tempo-rarily postponed during his progress through proofs of his people's attachment. This resolution was rendered irrevocable by the Czar's implacable reply to his propitiatory letter, and was accordingly, as it is well known, carried out only a few days later. On Sept. 7, 1886, Alexander of Battenburg of his own accord left Sofis, apparently forever.

It is not only a wished-for and a useful, but a singularly interesting memoir of one of the most upright and powerful men of the gen-

A Great and Brilliant Lawren.

eration now passing away, which is offered us in the Reminiscences of Jeremiah S. Black by his daughter, MARY BLACK CLAYTON (St. Louis, Christian Publishing Company). For some thirty years the public life of Judge Black was no inconsiderable or undistinguished element of his country's history. From the Presidency of Buchanan to the rejection of Tilden's claim to the Chief Magistracy by the Electoral Commission, he could truly say that as to the nota-ble events, belonging to the national counell room or the forum of the highest ju-dicial tribunal he was a part of what he witnessed. As associate Justice and Chief Justice of Pennsylvania, as Attorney-General and Secthe threefold capacity of jurist, statesman, and advocate, he made a deep and memorable impression on his time. The recollections now published, although they carefully respect the sanctities of private life, will help us to under-stand what manner of man he was in his household and personal as well as his political and professional relations. He belonged to a strongly marked and profoundly honored type of Americans, never common and now almost extinct, of which his precursors and exemplars, Thomas H. Benton and Silas Wright, were striking representatives. The line began Samuel Adams and Patrick Henry; it ended, so far as we are yet able to perceive

Book Notes.

Rand, McNally & Co. of Chicago publish a convenient pocket map of the State of New York, showing its rail roads and county and township boundaries. "Who Saved the Ship !" and "The Man of the Family,"

by Jak (Thomas T. Crowell & Co.), are capital stories for boys, by a writer of experience in catering to juve-nile tastes. Both are founded on fact. nile tastes. Both are founded on fact.

The Harpers publish, under the title of "Dialect Ballads," a volume of humorous verses by Charles Follen
Adams, author of "Leedle Yawcob Strauss and Other Poems." Most of them have already appeared in print "According to Fromise," by the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon (Funk & Wagnalis), is intended to be a companion volume to the author's "All for Grace." His peculiar doctrinal views are expressed with no abatement of energy or lack of apt illustration.

Mr. Thomas W. Knox's "Boy Travellers on the Congo"

(Harpers) is a judicious compilation of Stanley's "Through the Dark Country," with nearly 500 illustrations. In this form the work is sure to prove very st-tractive to juvenile readers.

Lady Lovat is the author of a memoir entitled "Clare

Lady Lovat is the author of a memoir entitled "Clare Yanghan" (Catholic Publication Society), a devout woman, known as Sister Mary Clars, who prematurely ended what promised to be a life of exceptional hottness and purity. The narrative is thoroughly sympathetic. "Divorced," a novel by Mrs. Madeleine Vinton Dahlgren (Belford, Clarke & Co.), is devoted to a consideration of the laws, so prevalent in this country, which permit divorce for trivial causes and remarriage by divorced persons. The author insists that the nation should enforce the indisorbility of the marriage tis. "Samnatha at Saratogs," by Marietta Holley (Hubbard Brothers, Philadelphia), a companion volume to "Samnantha at the Centennial," recounts the whimsical adventures of a rustic couple at the great American "Samantha at the Contennial," recounts the whimsical adventures of a rustic couple at the great American Spa. The humor is racy and well sustained, and the illustrations by Opper admirably interpret the text.

In his "Scottish Pulpit" (Harpers), Dr. William M. Taylor of the Broadway Tabernacle gives an admirable summary of the history of the Scottish Church, with sketches of its leading divines and preachers from John Name and Challenge and Galbrie. It is animated.

first page to the last.
In his "Captain of the Janisaries" (Funk & Wagnalis), Mr. James M. Ludlow has produced an historical ro-mance founded on the life and adventures of the famous Albanian prince, George Castriot, better known as Scan-darbeg. The facts of history are closely followed, and derbeg. The facts of history are closely followed, and the narrative is throughout animated and picturesque. The character of Scanderbeg, in particular, is elaborated with care. Incidentally the author recounts at length the siege and capture of Constantinople in 1453. We have received from the John Church Company "Modern Vocal Doets." "Modern Soprano Songa." and "Modern Juvenile Classica." The music which they embody comprises works by the most popular composers of the day—German, Italian, French, or English-selected with excellent tasts. The three volumes form a very desirable musical repertory, which is within the means of most lovers of music. The same company publish "The Fillar of Fire," a cantata for Sunday school and cholr, by Hesskiah Butterworth and George F. Root, and "Harvest Heila," a collection of religious songs, of which the music was composed and

company publish "The Fillar of Fire," a cantata for Sunday school and choir, by Hesskiah Butterworth and George F. Root, and "Harvest Helia," a collection of religious songs, of which the munic was composed and selected by W. R. Penn and H. N. Lincoln.

"The Little Flowers of St. Francis of Amisi," a collection of legends illustrating the life and works of the founder of the Franciscan order, and of some of his followers, translated for the first time into English, has been issued by the Catholic Publication Society, with an editorial introduction by Cardinal Manning. The author of the book is unknown, but it is supposed to be the work of several hands, notably of John of San Lorenso, Bishop of Bisignano, and to have been written during the first half of the Fourteenth century. As the translator truthfully remarks in the preface, "Every page breathes of the faith and the simplicity of the middle ages." The latter quality is illustrated in the story of Brother Juniper and the pig's foot. The motives of this worthy man were admirable but his act was not wholly in accordance with good morals.

"The Revolution in Tannar's Lane, by Mark Rutherford" (Punama), can scarcely be called a novel, thourh evidently the author intended it to pass for one. There is no plot to speak bf, and therefore a lack of sustained interest. Two distinct stories are related, to the second of which only the title applies, and each is almost entirely independent of the cuter. But these defects are amply redegmed by a series of sketches of life and manners among the English lower classes, from the close of the Mapoleonic wars to the repeal of the Corn Laws in 1886, which are graphic and even powerful in their and truthniness of detail. It was a troubled period, in which every variety of radical sentiment seemed to find violent expression, and the realistic manner in which these social pictures are drawn is worthy of high praise. The characters are living men and woman, and the atmosphere in which these social pictures are drawn is worthy of h

have departed this life, in which a perfecting process seems to be perpetually going on, whereby sinful souls are gradually made pure. This place is neither the pur-gatory of the Roman Catholic Church nor the interme-diate abode of Swedenborg, in which the special quali-ties, whether good or bad, inharent in each person are developed to their salvation or perdition. It is ap-parently the final abode of all departed souls, and whether a higher heavon of supreme blies is reserved for the thoroughly regenerate, is not apparent. Dr. Thorus, the hero of the story, who has been thrown from his carriage and killed after a rather apparent. Dr. Thorna, the haro of the story, who has been thrown from his carriage and killed after a rather stormy scene with his wife, which he soon after heartily regrets, finds in this sprit iand ampie opportunity to be cleansed of his special infirmity, a tendency to irritability. He has been by no means a had man, but the apparances to which he is subjected will convey to the reader the process to which all who enter Miss Pheipara spirit land must conform. This creation of her imagination may not countend itself to orthodux Christians, but fow will dany that it has been impired by deep religious from the conformal towards of the conformal towards of the conformal continuous cont

POEMS WORTH READING.

White We May Pross the Independent.
The hands are such dear hands:
They are so full; they turn at our demands
to often; they reach out
With trifles searcely thought about
80 many times; they do
10 many things for me. for you—
If their fond wills mistake,
We may well band, not break.

They are such fond, frail lips
That speak to us. Fray if love strips
Of the dedecration many times.
Of the dedecration many times, such estimes
We may just by: for we may see
Days so: far of when those small words may be
Held not as slow, or quick, or out of place, but dear,
Because the lips are no more here.

They are such dear, familiar feet that go Along the path with ours—feet fast or alow, and trying to keep pace—it they mistake the path of the pace of the path of the pace of

Ro many little faults we find.
We see them! For not blind
To love. We see them, but if you and I
For hape remember them some by and by,
They will not be
Faults then—grave faults—to you and me,
But just odd ways—mistakes, or even less,
Bemembrances to bless.
Days change so many things—yes, hours,
We see so differently in suns and showers.
Mistaken words to-night
May be so cherished by to-morrow's light;
We may be patient, for we know
There's such a listle way to go.

Ballade of a Fair Impentions. From Longman's Magnaine.

Between the midnight and the morn,
The under world my soul espied;
I saw the shapes of men outworn.
The heroes fallen in their pride;
I saw the marsh land drear and wide.
And many a gnest that strayed thereon.
I roam for aya," a maiden sighed.
"The sunless marsh of Acheron."

"And is thy fate thus hope-forlors ?"

"Yes, even so," the shape replied;

"For one I wronged in life bath sworn
In hatred ever to abide;
The lover seeketh not the bride,
But aye, with me, his heart dreams on,
Asleep in these cold misst that hide
The sunless marsh of Acheron.

"And still for me will Lecon mourn, And still my pardon be denied; And never shall i cross the bourne, Nor leave the world wateraide. Yes I repent me not, "she criedi "May, only that mine hour is gone. One memory hath glorified."

Princess, when thy fair ghost shall glide Where never moon or starlight shone, See that thou tarry not beside The sunless marsh of Acheron.

She Was Only a Woman After All. From the Sunday Democrat.

I met her at a country place.
Where she was spending her vacation,
And much admired her form and face,
Likewise her sparkling conversation.
She was a Boaton girl, but wore
Nor spectacles nor goggle glasses,
Though she of learning had a store
As rich as other Boston lassies.

The maiden was of beauty rare.
(The line, not learning, that doth sway us)
All the learning that doth sway us)
All the learning that doth sway us)
But colder than Diana far,
Who made a stag of poor Action,
And distant as the furthest star
That glitters in the empyrean.

I loved her, and I think she knew
That much from my admiring glances,
For she, as we acquainted grew,
Somewhat unbent to my advances.
But when my love I would have told,
I fails a draad, a terror selse me,
I feared if I became so bold,
The maiden with a look would freeze me.

At length a firm resolve I made,
For I was bordering on distraction.
That the proposal, iong delayed.
I'd make, whate'er might be her action.
And having thus made up my mind.
That evening when alone I found her.
Before she my intent divined.
I boidly threw my arms around her.

I felt her tresses brush my face,
Their faint, sweet perfume thrilled my senses,
I clasped her in a fond embrace,
Regardless of the consequences;
I tissed her lips—oh, honeyed bliss!
I gave ber hand a thousand squeezes,
And all she said to me was this:
"John, are you sure that no one sees us ?"

A Girl of Honolulu

From the Courter-Journal. How beautiful she was! How wild! Pure as a waise plant, this child. This one wild child of nature hore grown tall in shadows. And how near 70 God, where no man stood between Her eye and somes no man hath seen.

Stop still, my friend, and do not stir, shut close your page and think of her. The birds sang sweeter for her face; Her lifted eves were like a grace; The rippled rivers of her hair. That ran is wondrous waves somehow. And manufed her within its care.

A perfume and an incense lay Before her, as an incense sweet Before blithe mowers of sweet hay In early morn. Her certain feet Embarked on no uncertain way.

Come, think how perfect before men; How sweet as sweet magnolla bloom, Embalmed in daws of morning when New sanlight leaps from midnight gloom, Enthralied to kiss, and first to kis. Tea, she was tampting like to this?

The was as the Madonna to
The tawny, dreamful, faithful few
Who touched her hand and knew her soul:
She drew them, drew them as the pole
Points all things to itself. She drew
Souls upward as the moon of spring,
High wheeling, was and shining full,
Half clad in clouds and white as wool,
Draws all the strong sees following.

JOAQUIE MILLER.

Bar Harber. From the Albany Argus.

If his were always summer and skies were ever blue, and winds all soft as sigh here, How rare it were to its here, Careless of what's to come, or The things one has to do; If life were always summer, and skies were ever blue.

If one could shange the city
For lasy scenes like this,
Then who would care for duty,
Or fashion's pinkest beauty.
Or think complexions pretty
That bushed beneath a klas:
If one could change the city
For lasy scenes like this.

If friends were all delightful,
And women all life you,
And never came the morrow
To leach us newer sorrow,
And every bliss were rightful,
By love! what could we rue!
If friends were all delightful,
and women all like you! HILLARY BRILL

From the Omaha Herald. Among the savage clan
Of cannibalist people
A missionary man
Set up his modest steeple. And there each day he would Purse his noble labors; He taught them to be good, And bade them love their neighbors. The cambials with grins
Gave ear to themes he treated;
They crossed their tawny shins,
And on their hams were seated.

A South Sea Tragedy.

And yet they were not lost— That missionary's labors; He taught them to his cost The way to love their neighbors. For one day when for prayers
These cannibals they met him,
They caught him unawarea,
They killed him, and they ate him.

They said they found him good; He'd practised what he taught them; And now they understood The goodness be had brought them. The goodness ne said and may, and, as they filled each may. They and while they deplored him. They'd loved him, live and raw, But reasted they adored him. W. D. Howstan.

It Might be Worse. From the Washington Critic.
The front gate and the hammock,
The old bench in the grove,
Have had their day and must give way
To the corner near the store.

> The Wild Bide. From the Century.

I hear in my hears, I hear in its ominous pulses, All day, the commetten of sineury, mane-touring horses; All night, from their cells, the importungle tramping neighting!

Cowards and laggards fall back; but alors to the saddle, Straight, grim, and abreast, vault the weather-worn, galloping legion. With a stirrup-oup each to the one gracious woman that loves him. The road is through dolor and dread, over crags and There are shapes by the way, there are things that ap-pal or entire us: What odds? We are knights; and our souls are but bent on the riding.

I hear in my hears. I hear in its ominous pulses, all day, the commotion of sinemy, mane-touring horses; all night, from their cells, the importancie transping and neighbor!

We spur to a land of no name, outracing the storm wind; We seap to the infinite dark, like the sparks from the savel. Those sleets, O God: All's well with thy troopers that faller.

PROP. PARK AND THE PAMOUS SMITH BROTHERS.

The Personal Feeling in the Anderer Con-troversy-Inner History of the War. ANDOVER, Oct. 1.- There is never a landslide in New England theology which does not shake every minister's study in the land. When, however, there is an earthquake, as in the present Andover controversy, even the sturdiest agnostic looks up from his work to measure the wave and to watch things tumble.

Two men are foremost in this attempt to make teacher and creed a good fit. The mar counted a heretic years ago now leads the forces of the old orthodoxy, though he is not the field captain. The man under fire for alleged heresy, on the contrary, was once on the list of extreme New England old school men. Overshadowing is the presence of these men in the forces on either side. In fact, a com-posite picture of the conservatives would show enough of the features of Prof. Edwards A Park to identify him, while Prof. Egbert C. Smyth's strong face would look out of the

other picture. Prof. Smyth is a brother of the Rev. Dr. Newman Smyth of New Haven, and until the nom-ination of the younger brother to be a professor at Andover was rejected, Prof. Egbert as he is familiarly called, was not associated in the popular mind with liberal views in theology. When a member of the Bowdoin College faculty, as is reported by men who were students in that institution at the time, the eacher now charged with heresy was counted an old school theologian, and a rigid adherent

Dr. Dwight of Portland, Me. Dr. Dwight was famous for his courtly persistence in defending old school positions, and his unflinehing determination to walk in the old paths.

Thus Prof. Egbert, in his predilections and environment, was fairly committed to the rigid system of old-time New England theology.

His brother Newman's writings, however, and chiefly this brother's rejection, may properly be reskoned prominent factors in his remarkable change of opinion. The professor comes naturally by this readiness to champion the cause of his flesh and blood.

His father, Prof. William Smyth of Bowdoin College, eminent as a mathematician, was a sturdy defender of his rather lively boys when they were students. It is well understood and reported by men who were at Bowdoin, that the Smyth boys were always sure of one advocate old school positions, and his unflinching de-

Prof. Smyth married a daughter of the Rev.

have suggested to the Board of Visitors that the rejection of Newman Smyth be based on the novel and contemptuous ground that his poetic temperament rendered him unfit to teach theology, as if the younger Smyth were a romantic girl.

The manner of shutting out his brother must have annoyed Prof. Egbort more than the mere fact of his exclusion.

Back of the prosecution of the professors, back of the prodential committee differences, so far as Prof. Smyth is concerned, back of the whole battle line of the conservatives in the American Board fight, is Prof. Park, though no one not in the inner circle can put his finger on the moves he has suggested. He is everywhere in this fight, and yet it is hard to place him at a given point long enough for an instantaneous photograph.

Is it a wonder, then, that with two such leaders, and with this history of long and almost feroclous antagonism, the Andover controversy has been bitter beyond words?

If Prof. Smyth comes out ahead in this fight, it means that at last he has fairly beaten Prof. Park at his own game, and on Andover Hill.

On the other hand, the overthrow of Prof. Smyth, no matter how else the success is explained, will be Prof. Park's triumph over a man he has antagonized these many years.

MAGNETIC WIND. A Remarkable Subterranean Sellows Near From the Galveston Nesot.

About 100 miles east of El Paso, near Sierra

About 100 miles east of El Paso, near Sierra Blanco, on the line of the Toxas and Pacific Raliway, there is a strange phenomenon that has just come to public notice. The authority for the statements about to be made is ex-Gov. John C. Brown of Tennessee, receiver of the Texas and Pacific, who visited this city a few days ago, accompanied by several officials of the road, including Division Buperintendent Judy, in whose jurisdiction the phenomenon is located. Gov. Brown and Superintendent Judy told the story to one or two persons here, and it has just come out.

About three years ago the Texas and Pacific Raliway Company undertook to sink an artesian well a few miles east of Sierra Blanco, which is a little hamlet interty-five miles east of El Paso. The workmen put the pipe down about 600 feet when suddenly an underground cavern was struck, the drill dropped about six feet, and a current of air rushed up the pipe. Drilling ceased and the well was abandoned, the 600 feet of pipe remaining in the ground, and giving a connection between the surface of the earth and the subterranean cavity a quarter of a mile beneath.

The phenomenon did not at that time attract the attention of any one sufficiently interested to investigate. Recently, however, Superintendent Judy's attention was called to it, and his personal examination and inquiries have developed peculiar facts and testimony about the wonderful well. Gov. Brown stopped to see it on his way here. Not many people live near the well, but those who do reside in the neighborhood of it are thoroughly acquainted with it. Ever since it was abandoned, three years ago, the people near by have been in the habit of going and sitting about the well in summer to enjoy the cool and invigorating air that rushes up the pipe. One of the strangest things is the fact that the current of air ebbs and flow in the habit of going and sitting about the well in summer to enjoy the cool and invigorating air that rushes up the pipe. One of the strangest things is the fact that the current

THE CHANNEL ISLANDS.

Jorsey and Sark and the Gardens Meyond London, Sept. 20 .- To use a popular but comprehensive expression, "one might go further and fare worse" than to take one's September holiday not very far from home. For the enjoyment of wild, picturesque scenery. sport, baimy airs, and southern flora, it is not necessary to rush to the Highlands in the wake of guns and dogs, to the Hebrides, Norway, or the Mediterranean; it is useless to undergo the hardships of long travel, the extortions of hotel keepers, the fatigues and boredom of a of the traveller than to get on board a comfortable boat at Southampton or Weymouth and steam over leisurely in the night to the

Channel Islands. He will be well repaid for

his trouble,
It is supposed that Jersey, the queen of the

group, was part of the French mainland till it was violently separated from it by the geo-

graphical convulsion of 709, which dug a channel between them of nearly eighteen miles.

For many centuries the little archipelago was viewed with suspicion by both continents as a cut-throat resort for pirates, robbers, and thieves. Now it is as familiar to the lounger in Piccadilly as to the boulevardier, and the pretty villas around St. Hélier have become almost as ville. Folkestone or Brighton. Guernsey remains hallowed by the all-pervading memory of Victor Hugo and will ever be impregnated, as it were, with the atmosphere of his genius and his exile. Bark or Serk, as it was originally called, the smallest of the Pleiad, was some years ago put up for sale by public roup. and the time of the charmal baland. It is a second to the charmal baland in the harve and in the thury enselect record many deaths by shipwrecks or drowning. As you enter on a black marble headation by our and that "Florre L. Telly, Esquire, Lord of the content It still looms as an advance bastion, frowning gloomily on any possible invader of the cherished inviolability of the Channel Islands. It contains one solitary church; the tombstones in the nave and in the tiny cemetery record mit be nave and in the thry cemetery record and chiefly this brother's rejection, may properly able changs of opinion. The professor comes naturally by this readiposes to champion the command the command of the comma

oid grun traders in their dangerous and illoit commerce are compelled to buy their tobacco at the authorized Governmental Bureau de Tubac, but the native population has dwindled rapidly from 4.000 to 1.500 souls, not including the garrison.

Coming upon Alderney from the Bay of St. Anne the island appears as a succession of verdant slopes, undulating gently in their descent to the sea, crowned by a church in red granite with a square massive Norman tower. A road leads to it, which is, in fact, a well-paved road, passing between substantial, neat, fresh little houses with tiled roofs, forming a city, divided into agricultaral, commercial, and bourgeois quarters. Dissenting chapels of every denomination abound Catholics are in the minority. Alderney is at once highly religious and very democratic. Toward the north of St. Anne, at the entrance of a deep wooded gorge, surrounded by apple orchards and smiling gardens, lies. The Manor, the old feudal abode of the Le Mesuriers, now the residence of the military commander of the island. The building dates from the seventeenth century, is entirely of granite, and has an imposing presence, with its tail stacks of chimneys, its broad windows, and gring ray walls of extraordinary thickness. But the special charm of the spot lies in the enormous height and sureading follage of the red beoches and green oaks stretching their massive shadows over the old pleasasunce enclosed in iron railings and gates with lance-head spikes. Beyond is a court, as slient and mysterious as the cloisters of a monastery. Not only glant forest trees, but fig. orange, and tempor frees, granitums, oleanders, and fuchsias flourism protected in their tender and verdant loveliness by the rugged barriers of their frowing rocks.

The natives of the Channel Islands understand the English language and speak it with more or loss fluoncy, but although virtually annexed to Great Britain after the Norman coaquest, the English element is far from dominant, never exceeding an average of 20 per cent. At Sark it i

CHANCE HITS OF AUTHORS.

Accidents That Have Given Fame and Fortune to Writer A tattered and thumb-marked copy of Habberton's "Helen's Bables" lay upon the shelf of one of the largest second-hand book stores in New York, and suggested the question whether it had not had a larger sale than any

American work of fiction excepting "Unci Tom's Cabin." The proprietor, who knows as much about books as Joseph H. Choate does of law, replied that while "Helen's Babies" had been2one of the most extraordinary successes in the book trade, it did not stand second to "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Then he rummaged around on a dusty shelf, and took down a thick volume, whose covers have faded from original black to a light drab color, and, blowing the dust from the leaves, said that he presumed that book had, next to "Uncle Tom's Cabin." had the largest sale of any work of fletion by an American author. I made out the faded letters of the title. It was "The Lamplighter."

The book is now almost unknown to the

younger generation of freaders, but thirty years ago it caused countless tears to flow. It would give Mr. Howells the horrors to read it, and yetimore copies of it, three or four times over, have been sold than of all of Howella's books put together. Over two hundred editions of a thousand copies each were sold, and there is even now more demand for it, mainly from persons who read it years ago, and, remembering it with delight, sought it again.

"The Lamplighter" was written by a Boston woman, and is a Boston tale. But, though its success was so phenomenal, the author was for many years unknown, and even now her name would be unrecognized even by persons as a single flavor of hor talent, and, though it brought some money to her purse, it never made for her the faunc that its success, whatever its literary merits were, ought to have given her.

Women." But it was a hit that made her tame and her future.

Mrs. Stowe has often told the intimates who gather around her in her delightful Hartford home that she never had the remotest idea when writing." Uncle Tom" that its sale would be extensive boyond the circulation of the National Era, when it was first published as a serial. A good many stories have been told about the way she wrote the book. But she has herself said that the first chapter she wrote was that describing the whipping and death of Uncle Tom. That was written in Brunswick, Me., in the parsonage, and when she finished it she read it to the family, and greatly were they affected by it. She first intended it as a single sketch, but the pian of the story was developed in her mind.

No stated hours did she give to daily composition, no careful arrangement of deaks or papers was necessary. She wrote wherever she was, with the children running about, and she wrote steadily, rapidly (sometimes the ink would not flow fast enough), and she bothered herself little about revision or polishing off.

The chief hit of that popular writer, Charles Dudley Warner, was a very great surprise to him. Just for the fun of it, and without any idea that the sketches would attract much attention beyond the readers of the Hartford Courant, he jotted down his delightful letters entitled "My Summer in a Garden." And when he finished them he found that he was famoua, and literary prosperity has been his ever since, except once.

Through badinage and for a joke he collaborated with Mark Twain that monstrosity. "The Gilded Ago." The shrewd Mark made his private arrangements with Warner, whereby Mark possessed the sole right to dramatize. The book was a direful failure. The play, thanks to John T. Raymond, proved a gold mine, and I heard Raymond say some years ago that he had paid Mark Twain \$60,000 royalty. The collaborators thought the book would be a hit, but it wasn't. They never dreamed while writing it that one of them was mining a dramatie bonanze.

be a hit, but it wasn't. They never dreamed while writing it that one of them was mining a dramatic bonanza.

One of the great successes of forty years ago was Donald G. Mitchell's "Dream Life" and "lieveries of a Bachelor." written overthe nom de plume of ike Marvel. But when Mitchell, who was then a young chap only a few years out of Yale College, wrote the first of these papers, he had no more idea of making fame or fortune from them than he had years later of making fame and fortune from any of his editorials in the Hearth and Home periodical. He began to write them for a literary magazine, just to fill up with. They did indeed fill it up, for they were the only contributions to that magazine that kept it alive, and they filled up Mr. Mitchell's purse.

The bookseller with whom I chatted pulled out of a remote corner a good-sized volume, and said that it was a book now known and admittedly the work of a genius, though it had been published thirty years before that fact was resognized.

It was Sylvester Judd's "Margaret."

It is a work that would thrill Mr. Howell's soul with delight. It is realistic from the first letter to the last. Its construction is faulty, and its display of crudition tedions, but it has been called by one of the ablest critics of England a work of genius. Its author was a quiet country clergyman of Maine, and he spent ten years in writing this novel. When it was published it escaped notice, and had been out of print some years when an English reviewer fell upon a stray copy in that country. His review of it caused the nublection of a new edition in this country, and though the sale was not large, ret the book is accepted now by competent judges as an evidence of Judd's genius. With littérateurs his fame is well established, though he died before this acknowledgment was made.

Recognition from the Gallery.

Just as Mme, Qualitz had worked the audience at Niblo's a few evenings since into a paraxism of delight with her terpulchorean deni-quavers upshoots, and in-curves the allence was bruken by a small voice from the "top shelf" shouling to a companion:

"Hey, Clams dere's me Aunty Kate
"Where!" came back from thems.

"What! Der woman wit' der red frizzus!"

"Yeh!"

"Rully smoks she's a corker!"

"Rully smoks she's a corker!"

"The conversation was brief, but to the point; and "derfourt' one in der second row", if the ballet was accorded countderable attention during the remainder of the performance.